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Weybridge, Dec. 31, 1860, Sarah Austin à François Guizot

Auteurs : Austin, Sarah (1793-1867)

Les folios

En passant la souris sur une vignette, le titre de l'image apparaît.

8 Fichier(s)

Les mots clés

[Correspondance](#), [Deuil](#), [Discours du for intérieur](#), [Edition](#), [Femme \(mariage\)](#), [Femme \(santé\)](#), [France \(1852-1870, Second Empire\)](#), [Publication](#)

Relations entre les lettres

Ce document n'a pas de relation indiquée avec un autre document du projet.□

Présentation

Date1860-12-31

GenreCorrespondance

Editeur de la ficheMarie Dupond & Association François Guizot, projet EMAN
(Thalim, CNRS-ENS-Sorbonne nouvelle)

Information générales

LangueAnglais

Cote100, 100 suite, AN : 163 MI 42 AP 180 Papiers Guizot Bobine Opérateur 29

Nature du documentLettre autographe

Supportcopie numérisée de microfilm

Etat général du documentBon

Localisation du documentArchives Nationales (Paris)

Transcriptionpp. 371-373.

Citer cette page

Austin, Sarah (1793-1867), Weybridge, Dec. 31, 1860, Sarah Austin à François Guizot, 1860-12-31

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Consulté le 26/01/2026 sur la plate-forme EMAN :

<https://eman-archives.org/Guizot-Lieven/items/show/7672>

Copier

Informations éditoriales

DestinataireGuizot, François (1787-1874)

Lieu de destinationVal-Richer (France)

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Lieu de rédactionWeybridge (Angleterre)

Notice créée par [Marie Dupond](#) Notice créée le 24/10/2024 Dernière modification le 02/04/2025

31st Dec^r Evening
1860

Dear Montine Guizot

The year must not go out without my sending you some token that I think of & pray for you & yours. May your life be spared to be, as it is, precious, beneficent to the world, inexpressibly dear to those who have been admitted within that inner circle where greatness is almost eclipsed by the charm & the beauty of the qualities that win & attract the affections.

And may you see your children virtuous, happy, united - just as you see them now.

All this I fervently ask of Heaven. For myself, I have not courage to ask for any thing, but strength to endure. I do not raise my prayers so high as ~~any~~ happiness. That it may please God in His mercy to place me at second best - How - this is all I ask. You will ask it for me. I need not tell you that no second How can be like

the first. But that loss makes
what remains more precious, & even
we without ~~any~~ ^{any} refuge or solace
if more grief should be in store
for me. I cannot say that my
dear daughter is worse. I am
assured not. But there is no better.
She has had no return of haemorrhage,
but then the bitter cold has brought
on cough & expectoration - In short
though, as I am assured, danger
is not present, it is always near,
& that is enough to keep me on the
rack. Alex^r is now at Ventnor
& both the children. Dear Agnes
goes back to Hon on the 15th. Alex^r
makes his annual tour in
Ireland. Then, if Henry will have me,
I shall go back to Ventnor. But one
of the cruel things is, that her doctor
wishes her to be alone as much as
possible, that she may not be troubled
to talk. While I was there I was
seldom with her above an hour
in the whole day. It was her only
way of keeping her silent. The baby
is an enchanting little creature, ever
flooding with health, spirit & vivacity.
She is the poor mother's delight &
amusement. You may think how

^{terrible}
difficult was the conflict
at Janet's marriage. This
great satisfaction to see
Mr. St. Hilary with the
impression Mr. Ross made
on Mr. Cousin, who, on being
explained, he would not
shirk every body, & the
of such a man is not out
But if I may say so, - in
a young girl. My people
were charmed with him
wife are now in Malta
find there an inheritance
& generation earned &
by her dear grand father
I cannot but be the
keep ~~the~~ anniversary of
lies here - in his room -
by every object that speaks
entirely alone, & so I
I have to do the most dis-
anxious thing. I ever did
write about him. The too
science of jurisprudence
with such small addition
I could find, & is ready for
But it is necessary that I
why it was not published
why I edit it now, what
materials I have in my
& what I mean to do with
I must vindicate myself
suspicion & irreverence
care for infinitely more) his

The charge of indolence or indiffer-
ence to his duties. I have written a
good deal, but it is written between
bursts of grief & interrupted by
tears & sobs. I must take time to
meditate upon it. What a life
of unbroken disappointments &
fatigue! I have, during the last
week, been reading over all his letters
from 1814 to his last tender letter
written to me in Scotland. He has
always an abiding sense of misfortune
& unhappiness. In his last letters,
during our five years engagement,
speaking not of his happiness he hopes
to enjoy with you, but of his reliance
on me as his prop & comforter. And
this tempted me to suppose he told
that I was ^{appointed} ~~appointed~~ for this dear &
tender task. His last letter assures
me of that & in that I find my com-
fort. In 1814 Keble has been good
enough to ask me to go to the North
but as you may imagine, I have
declined. If I had in his early letters
my dear child, & if I have concluded
my work in the spring, my whole
mind is bent on going to see you
& my dear young friends. Nothing
but insurmountable obstacles shall prevent
this. If all goes well I shall arrange
my affairs so as to be free of the
yourself time to see my friends.
But, as you see, at present I am only waiting.

100
2nd

I was very near writing to you
the very day I read of Mr. Henderson's
death. I felt it deeply for you, for
his old & much attached friend,
Mr. Hudson Gurney, & I may add,
for myself, who never saw him -
but had imbibed my husband's re-
verence for him. We have no more such
men - at least such statesmen.
But the great sea of men entirely
devoted to their country & to duty
is not extinct. Lord Carnarvon, Lord
Elin, (in spite of great faults), Lord
Salisbury, & the soldier Lord Clyde,
are all men actuated by these notions,
more or less wisely, but all putting
their country far above any personal
considerations. In this, different ways
from our rulers - Who are brought from Scotland!
I have had a long
letter from Mr. de Montalembert for-
sioned by my husband's pamphlet.
He set us quite in error. I told him
in reply that there was much truth
& much untruth in his accusation.
To ascribe all the enthusiasm for
Italian liberty (however silly) to
our "fanatic protestant" & "revo-
lutionnaire" is to show complete
ignorance of the English people. I need
not say this to you, who know us.
I have only recently read Mr. Comelio

de Witt's article on Jefferson.
I cannot tell you how much
I think & delighted was - how it
made me feel that terrible word
which is never ^{so} painful ^{than when}
I read something which would
have pleased him, & my mind
turns for sympathy where it will
never find it none. I thought it
one of the most just & able ex-
positions of the evils of democracy
& the spirit in which they are to
be met, that I had ever seen.
I wonder what you think of Amer-
ica. It seemed to me that Mr
Nesbitt wished for his separation
Mr. Tichnor (whom you know) wrote
with great satisfaction of the P. of
Wales's visit, as a public court
testimony the real dispositions of the
people towards such. But all that
is lost in their domestic quarrels.
A Washington might help them
out of the difficulty, but this Lincoln
is a man of the lowest extraction &
education. What can be hoped.
I must leave you.
The New Year is close at hand.
May it be blessed to you & your
prayer your very faithful &
affectionate
J. Austin

100
 If I were not so impatiently anxious
 to accomplish it, I should certainly
 make a little visit to France - it
 means, to you & your's - after that
 whatever ^{see} might come in my
 way. There are several kind friends
 whom I sh^d like to see once more;
 not Cousin, however. I am too
 much disgusted at his behaviour
 in the affair of M. Simon's election
 & other things. He got about saying
 to Belgique nous est indispensable
 what folly & wickedness!
 Have you seen the new Ed. Dec?
 I hope M. d'Haussonville will
 not be displeased with the review
 of him. It might have been better
 but it is tolerable. Mrs. Goke's
 life of Schaffer is very successful.
 I wish she had let my poor little
 friend alone. Why publish her own
 happiness? Do you remember my
 saying to you at Mme. Baubrand's
 house, with an air of surprise?
 "M. de Humboldt est méchant!"
 To which you replied, "Comment, ma chère
 amie, vous ne savez pas cela?"

Every body knows it now at
least, thanks to Mr. Assing,
the good old Prof. Brandeis called
the book "dices Heland back".
A painful thing is to see such
caulties combined with so
& malignant & characted
dear Sir, how different about
revealed to me in every line
from my dear husband's hand
that elevation, what candour,
what singleness of mind & purpose
in the intervals of my study
his works I read his letters to
me - forty five years of love letters
the last as tender & passionate
as the first. And how full of noble
sentiments! The midday of our
lives was clouded & stormy - full
of cares & disappointments - But
the sunset was bright & serene
as bright as the morning, & more
serene. Now it is night with me
& must remain so till the dawn
of another day - I am always alone
that is, I sleep with him. I don't see
how I can begin a new sort of life
if I could talk with you, dear Sir,
I hear you talk! That would be comfort!